THE
Fable of the Cods-Heads:
OR,
A REPLY to the *Dutch-Men*'s Answer to the *Resolutions* of the *House* of *Commons*.

27. Febr. 171½

THE Beasts with Indignation warm'd,
Against the Birds a grand Alliance form'd,
And made a general Invitation
To all that would Espouse the Combination.
Amongst the rest, the Fishes One and All
Said, They'd with their Confederates stand and fall,
And Sign'd the glorious League,
With Threatnings, and with Words as big,
As if themselves would end the War at once,
And pick their Adversaries Bones.
In short, a War was instantly declar'd,
And every thing to take the Field prepar'd.
When, these same Fishes who before
Had such Eternal Friendship swore,
Instead of sending Troops were stated
Or Ammunition Stipulated,
Sent their Excuse, to let them understand,
Fishes were never us'd to *March* by *Land*.

MORAL.

SHOULD we presume t' invert the Tale
On our Allies in Portugal
And cry they ne'er Equip'd a Sail,
No Man could our Assertion Gainsay;
Or, should we on the other Hand,
Affirm they'll do the same by Land,
Unless they make a better Stand,
Than some did at Almanza.
Would it not be a very pritty Fancy?
Else, should we with the Commons say,
We Two Thirds more than Holland *pay,*
Only for them to get the Day,
And Thrive by our Undoing.
Would not Three Parts in Four agree,
That there are no such Fools as we,
Who can't but our Destruction see,
And wont prevent our Ruin?
Each one of the Allies should share
A just Proportion of the War,
And Stipulated Charges bear,
Till things for Peace are Riper;
Or Brit*ain thou art not to blame,*
If thou the Dance of War disclaim,
And cease to make all Europe *Game,*
By paying Europe's *Piper.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1712. [Price One Penny.]